

AUNT JEAN'S LETTER.

Infirmary, Easter, Donations, Entertainments, Home of the Friendless.

April 1.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The happy Easter tide is here with its many beautiful instances of self-denial, noble acts for the Master who gave His all, Himself, for us. This, the high festival of the spring time, was celebrated in all its rapture of praise and thanksgiving. The church was dressed in an exquisite and elaborate manner, the younger hands giving willing help to older ones. The music was of the joyous, uplifting order, and the services throughout were in glorious honor of the anniversary.

Our House Beautiful is nearing completion. Nine new rooms will soon be ready for occupants. Two little boys are among the patients now. The

DONATIONS

Have been largely of a literary kind, and patients who are able to read greatly enjoy the books and papers that are sent. Mrs. M. P. Shanklin sent six magazines from works of fiction, some old papers and a supply of old linen. Mrs. Dr. Henry sent two invalid chairs and one foot rest; Major A. C. Morgan sent a wagon load of kindling; Miss Eleanor Russell Coleman, a very young maiden, showed her interest by giving a pine pillow in a flowered silk case for the Polly Monroe cot. Asthmatic complaints and bronchial troubles are greatly comforted by the odor of the pitch. Miss Annie Holloway sent one dozen croquettes; Mrs. Maria Dudley gave two goblets, four individual glass dishes, one glass match safe, one dish cloth, a water pitcher, two night-gowns, two numbers of the Churchman, one book and two scrap books for children, a suit of clothes for Jos. Preston, the little lame boy, and a Brussels pad for his crutch; also old flannel and bundle of infant's clothes for the first baby born at the Infirmary. It was the thirteenth of its family, and the little thing, born feeble, soon went out of a world which, perhaps, promised but meager joys for its future earthly career. Three grape vines were also sent by Mrs. Dudley. This is the season for planting and gardening, and all outdoor contributions are most welcome.

MRS. A. H. LYNE

Sent flower seed and garden seed several times; Mr. Houlihan gave a clothes washing machine; Mrs. Morton a bundle of church papers; Mrs. W. C. Aubrey sent a jar of excellent jam for the nurses, realizing how a bit of sweetness varies the bill of fare. Will Dudley, a lad, sent a game for the children and a pair of slippers; Mrs. W. Bruce gave a

large bundle of useful garments and the White House game; Mrs. C. Calvert sent two magazines and some literary papers; Mrs. Warren gave the Spirit of Missions for two years, a weekly publication of the Episcopal Church; Mrs. John T. Shelby sent a bundle of the Youth's Companion, the finest weekly magazine in circulation; Mr. Fred Lazarus sent "a gift;" Mrs. Sara Allen gave an infant's vest; Mrs. Overstreet & Wilson, druggists, gave a syringe; Mrs. Swift sent old linen; "A Friend" sent two yards of flannel; Miss Downing sent three magazines and a bundle of papers; Mrs. S. B. Cronley gave an extension table and a barrel of flour. Surely there never was a more consistently generous giver than Mrs. Cronley. She also gave a bundle of jackstraws for the boys; Mrs. Winston sent a large collection of bottles.

THE FLAT ROCK COAL CO.

Sent a car-load of coal; Dr. N. F. Penn contributed a bundle of Once A Week magazines, a superb periodical, full of illustrations of current events; Mrs. E. D. Potts sent a bundle of Waverly Magazines, full of finished stories, all of a high moral tone; W. S. Bell sent the nurses a box of beautiful flowers—bright, fragrant Easter messengers. The

KING'S LILIES,

That band of eighteen lovely little children, saved up their pennies and in addition to gifts in other directions, brought to the House Beautiful a picture in a frame to hang by the Polly Monroe cot, a basket of Easter eggs, and each one brought a bottle of fragrant extract. Mrs. Voorhies gave a wheeled chair; Mr. Hillenmeyer kindly gave trees and shrubs for the grounds; Messrs. DeLong & Co. gave four hitch reins, very needful articles where so many visitors go in carriages. The street, which has all winter been almost impassable from mud, is graded and McAdamized now so that it may be traveled. Miss Mollie Douglass, an energetic young musical and dramatic teacher, has organized a band of United Workers among the young people for the purpose of giving entertainments for the benefit of our House Beautiful. Half the proceeds of each will go this way. The first offering will be devoted to the stone paving. Miss Douglass asks nothing in return except the countenance and co-operation of the Infirmary managers.

THE CHARITY BALL,

Set for the 9th of April, will be a brilliant affair. Mrs. W. C. France, the Treasurer and General Manager, has been confined to the house with la grippe, but preparations have gone on, and a handsome sum will probably

be realized for the Infirmary treasury.

THE KIRMESS

Is fully organized and the dances in process of drilling. Prof. H. T. Speedy, of Detroit, is an accomplished teacher. The chaperones with their classes meet every day at the Republican Club Room. This beautiful exhibition will be given at the Opera House about the 10th of May. Friends on all sides are enthusiastic in helping the Infirmary out of debt, and it is more than likely that some large donations will be made towards a permanent endowment fund. A few friends have lately sent in

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. Ann Ryland, whose gifts are always liberal but often anonymous, sent \$100; Mr. Roth, of Cincinnati, sent \$10; Mrs. Chas. Woolley gave \$50; Mrs. Dr. Coleman, whose light shines everywhere, sent \$5 in gold; Mrs. Seibrecht handed \$1 to a manager, saying her heart was in our work, and at intervals she has has done what she could. The balance in the treasury was about \$900 the 1st of April. A complete report of institution will be issued in pamphlet form in a few days and it will show the wonderful power of a good cause in stimulating Christian hearts to good works. The nurses are in constant demand outside and the income derived from their services is not inconsiderable.

THE HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS Looks so continuously peaceful, and the inmates pursue so steadily the even tenor of their way that it looks from month to month as if one had just stepped out for a moment and back again. Aunt Patsy and Mother Steele sat in their rocking chairs, each in her own corner, but with folded hands. "We haven't any more rags," they said; "tell your friends to send us a whole sack full. We won't make any more carpets after we finish the one now on hand."

"Do you see any umbrellas up?" asked blind Mother Steele of her aged companion. "Yes, a few," was the answer, as the faded old eyes peered into the street. "There's been a heap o' rain this month." And thus they sit, only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown, but with hands ready to work while they wait.

Mother Cronleigh, patient, gentle, nurses her afflicted foot and keeps out of everybody's way. She has stoutly resisted surgery, and cares for the diseased bone in her foot as best she can. Two or three others were moving about, doing here a little, there a little. Aunt Amy is cheerful and happy. Flip is grown big and fat and his black hair is now quite long and curly. He dashed at me with all the en-

thusiasm of full confidence. Aunt Amy said, "Every time the front door rung after you was here last, Flip would go tearing to the door looking for you to come back," which pleasant little fiction she no doubt believes. Biddie was comfortably installed on a nest of eggs behind the kitchen stairway, a great big, mouse-colored, motherly creature who may or may not be thinking of poor lost Dick as she diligently hatches out her brood. Since the Christmas ingathering there have been some

DONATIONS.

Mrs. Ed Riggs sent some delicious ice cream; Mrs. James Graves sent at Easter part of a barrel of superb Florida oranges which were greatly relished; Mr. John T. Miller sent a dray load of kindling. These were all that Matron Mary could remember, but her heart and mind are so set upon the flowers she expects to raise in such quantities this season that she can think of nothing else. Her daughter Maggie has taken a place in the confection shop of her kind relative, Mr. George Bell, and will be earning something while learning to be useful. It is pleasant to hear the old ladies' "Good bye, come again; we're always glad to see you."

Yours in love,

AUNT JEAN.

The King's Lilies.

These little workers, now numbering eighteen, are treading the paths their mothers trod. They pay two cents a week into the treasury, and have been in existence only about six months. With the mite thus saved they made some worthy Easter offerings. Eleven of them, chaperoned by Mrs. Voorhies and Mrs. Pew, went in a body to see the venerable Judge Richard A. who has been confined to his room for some weeks, and presenting their bright faces gave him a blooming heliotrope to grow for his daily pleasure. To Mrs. Henrietta Craig, a confirmed invalid, they took a growing, blooming hyacinth. To Mrs. Winston, in honor of her giving the first donation to their order, they took a vase of pretty cut flowers. Then to the Infirmary they went with the gifts mentioned in Aunt Jean's letter.

Some girls are like a violin; it takes a bean to make them talk.

He—Ef yo' eat enny mo' onions I'se not goin' to lub yo' enny mo'.

She—All right, Jeff Johnstone, ef yo' goin' ter allow a vegetable to come between us, yo' may go!

"Their's was a case of love at first sight." "Why didn't they marry." "They changed their mind at second sight."